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JOHN LEECH.
H. K. BROWNE.
G. BOWERS.

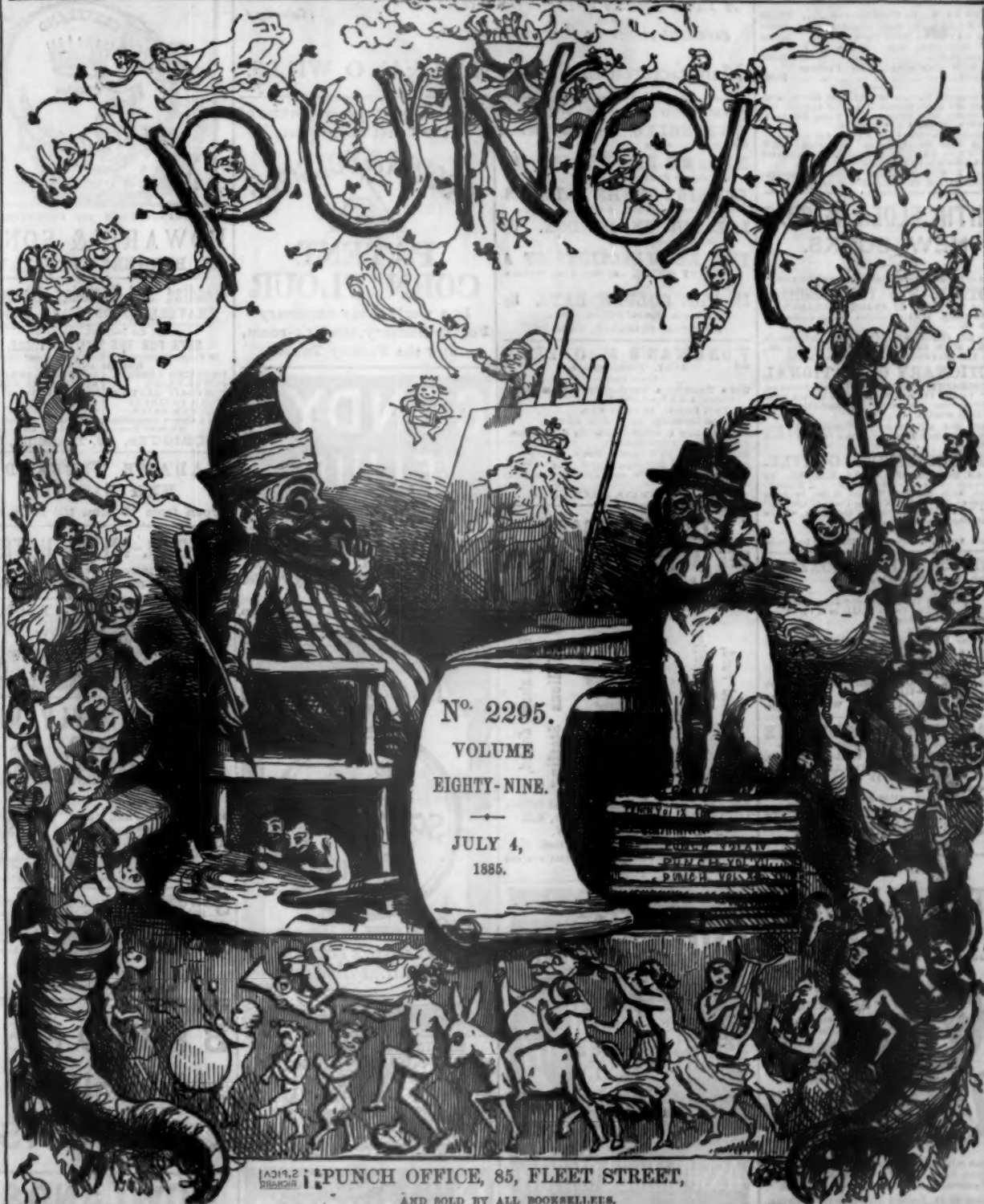
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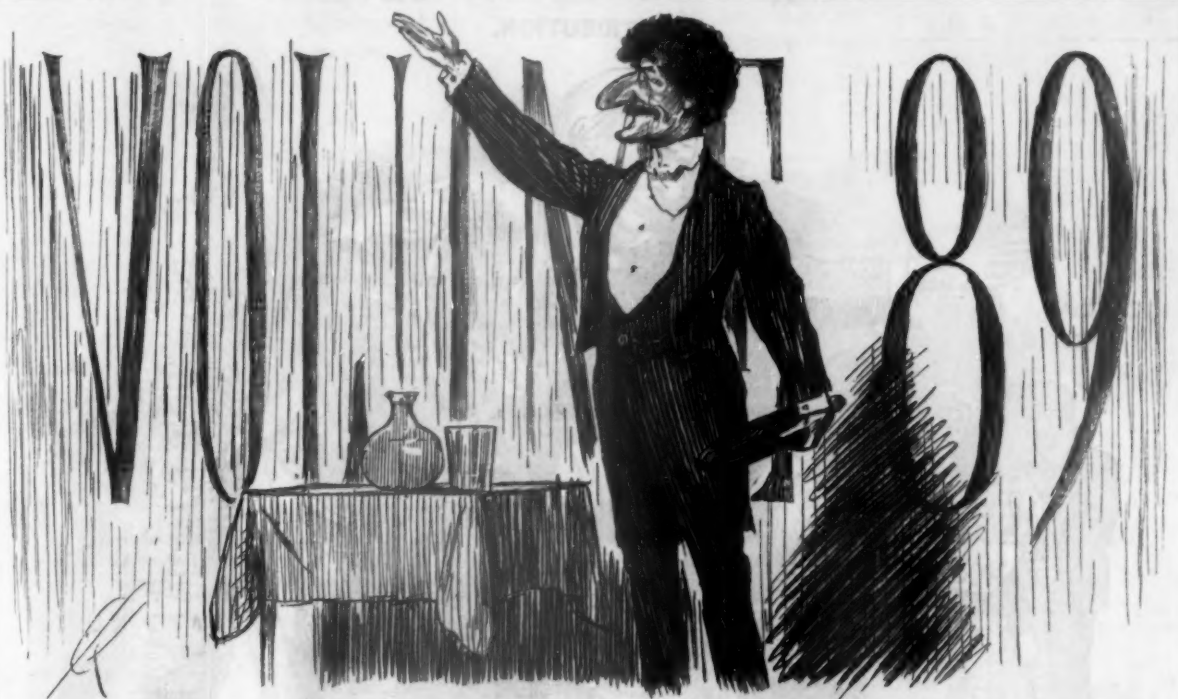
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(Some Later Particulars Communicated.)

If there has hitherto been in certain quarters some doubt expressed as to the exact meaning of the word "Revolutionary," when taken in connection with the carrying out of an apparently simple Programme of Nautical Manœuvres, there cannot be any longer the remotest question as to its perfect applicability to the recent doings in Bantry Bay. In fact, the experience of the last few days has, to use the words of the now astonished but still gallant Admiral in command, "so completely revolutionised and turned topsy-turvy all preconceived ideas of Naval Tactics, and their necessary adjuncts, as heretofore understood at Whitehall," that, while retaining, under pressure, the important post he at present fills, he cannot, in view of the forthcoming Demonstration promised shortly for Spithead, refrain from throwing out a few admonitory hints to his unsophisticated brother Commanders who may, possibly be called upon to figure more or less prominently before the Public on that interesting occasion. That these worthy Salts may the more easily and readily apprehend the precise nature of the unexpected difficulties they may be called upon to encounter, the thoughtful Admiral has, in sailor-like fashion, condensed his recent experience off the Irish Coast into the shape of some simple and practical Rules, the value of which, not only in mimic warfare, but more especially in actual operations in the presence of an enemy, must be seen at a glance by the merest outsider. A few of the more striking and important of them are subjoined. They are as follows:—

1. As a rule, never go into action, if you can possibly help it, with your ship bottom upwards.
2. If unsupplied by the Authorities with proper despatch vessels, in any pressing emergency fall back upon a torpedo boat, and if this crumples up at once, as it probably will with rough usage, like brown paper, requisition the nearest port for a coal-barge or two, and man them with any war correspondents who happen to be on board. Failing this, get into your own dingy after dark and take the message as well as you can yourself to the nearest marine post-office.
3. If in command of one of H.M.'s first-class four-masted Thunderers, on sighting an enemy, prepare for action by instantly hacking down the whole of her rigging, sails, spars, and tackle, and bodily stowing it away in the Senior Officers' Mess-room. Here let it be cut up into convenient lengths and conveyed to the furnaces. By a rapid recourse to this handy device, not only may the smashing in of the ship's upper-decks and decimation of her crew be pleasantly avoided, but an additional knot an hour be comfortably added to her usual pace; a gain, which, when she makes but seven and a half

under full pressure, though pursued by nine armed cruisers whose normal rate is never under eighteen, may be regarded as a distinct and consoling advantage, not only to her crew and officers, but even to her constructor and country.

4. A properly constituted modern Fleet should have its *corpus* or body of heavy ironclad fighting power, and be supported by a contingent of swift cruisers, supplemented again with scouts as feelers, followed by a silent swarm of torpedo craft. A British Admiral suddenly meeting this formidable array, should, if in command of three grotesque and thinly-armoured vessels of an extinct type, supplied with bursting muzzle-loading guns, instantly strike up "*Rule, Britannia!*" on the band of the Marines, if it happens to be on board, and give the order to "Seuttle and fill." If, however, at the time he should be powerfully supported, after the latest approved fashion, by a couple of lightly-armed Boulogne steamers and a converted Thames lighterman or two, it may then become almost obligatory on him to endeavour to draw up some sort of plan of action. If, notwithstanding this decent show of defiance, he is sent to the bottom before he has time to put anything on paper, he will, still not omitting the order to the band of the Marines to give "*Rule, Britannia!*" go down quietly, and like a man.

5. On taking up a position on a new Station, the first thing to be done is to ascertain the correctness of the Admiralty charts. This may be accomplished by sending one of the most valuable ships of the Fleet over an indicated rock. If a hole is instantly knocked in her bottom, and all the steam-pumps within fifteen miles are hard at work on her for three days and nights to keep her afloat, it may be taken for granted that the chart is fairly correct.

6. The daily explosions of gas in the coal-bunkers should, if possible, be timed to come off in the evening, as a considerable saving in the item of lighting could be effected by such an arrangement. Moreover, they would accustom the crew to most of the sensations of a successful night-attack by hostile torpedoes. When discipline rather than surprise is the object, the catastrophe might be preceded by the order, "Pipe all hands for a blow-up."

7. The captain of a turret-ship, on finding that though he may manage to give his turret one good turn, it may suddenly get jammed and absolutely decline to give him another, should instantly unship his screw, reverse the position of his engines, and spin his ironclad as well as he can round on its own axis. Thus not only revolving the matter in his own mind, but the whole of his crew in the face of the enemy, he may manage, by a well-sustained all-round fire, to square the immediate difficulty.

Such are the brief rules, and it cannot be doubted but that, by a careful adhesion to one or more of them, the Spithead display will, on the whole, be a brilliant and instructive affair.

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'Sir Henry Edwards, M.P.

MR. EDWARDS, as we hear,
Did, at Weymouth, make a pier.
If he made a pier, then he
Ought himself a Peer to be.
A Pier-maker should by right,
Be much greater than a Knight.

THE Freedom of the City conferred on Prince ALBERT VICTOR of Wales includes permission to slap the LORD MAYOR on the back, and call him "old boy." The Prince will be entrusted with a latch-key, and every office is open to him. He may also order a basin of turtle at any hour of the day without having previously obtained permission from the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen. These are among the chief privileges.

Two Old Friends on the New Situation.

"Who's Under-Secretary o' State for Hinjia?" asked Mrs. GAMP.

"Drat the woman!" muttered BETSY PRIG, in not the best of tempers. "Didn't I tell you 'as it were Lord HARRIS?"

"Lord HARRIS!" sniffed Mrs. GAMP, with an air of supreme incredulity. "Which I don't believe there ain't no sich person!"

New Reading.

A JEM—unset—and yet of ray serene,
Intrigue's unfathomed "caves" leave
stranded, bare,

A LOWTHER is condemned to bluish unseen,
Whilst the sweets of Office Cross and
CHAPLIN share.

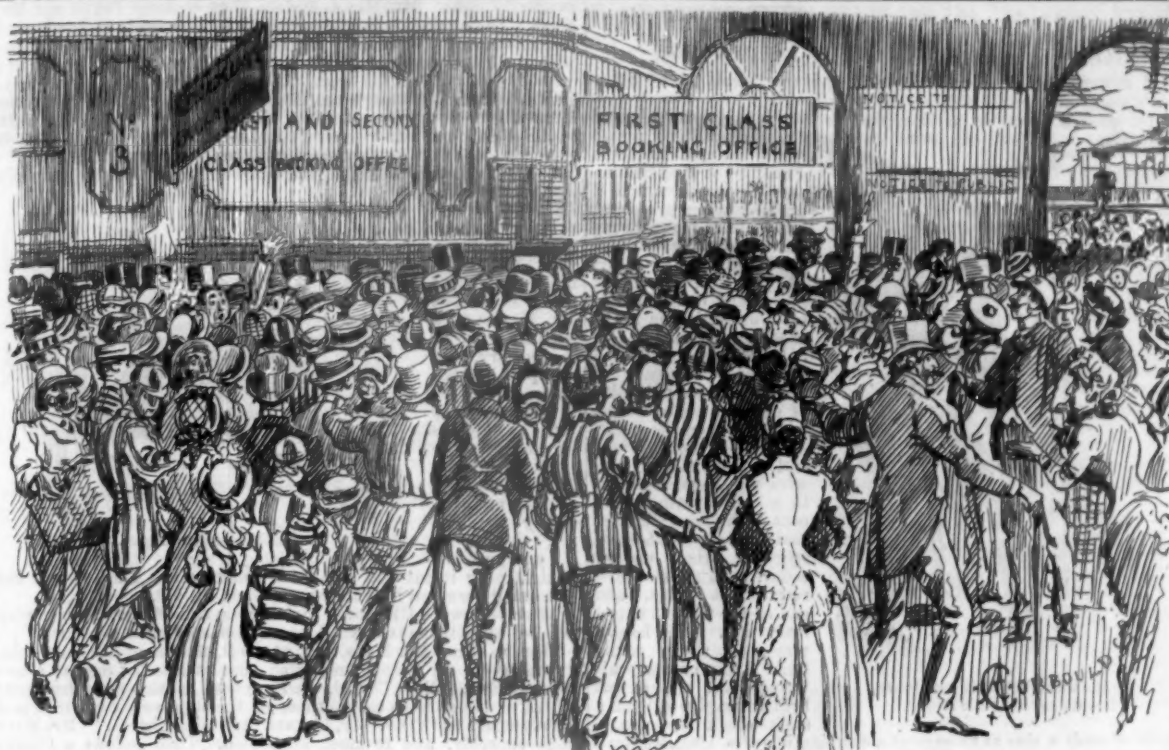
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He pays a compliment to Art,
Making JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, Bart.;
Also to painters and to pots,
Hail to Sir GROSVENOR GALLERY WATTS!
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Hails these two precedents with great delight.

THE MODERN BROCK-EN DISPLAY.—Fire-work night at the Crystal Palace.

A "NEW Portrait of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL" is opportunely announced. Will it be "India Proof"?

SIR DRUMMOND WOLFF was ordered off to Egypt, and he obeyed like a Lamb.



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SHERIFFS' DAY IN THE CITY.

HAVING the honour of being a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Joiners, I received a very pressing Note from a Gentleman, with a perfectly unintelligible signature, but which looked something like KYRONE NIXEM, imploring me to be at a Common Hall on Wednesday last, at two o'clock, to support a certain Gentleman for what would be to me the somewhat uncomfortable office of Sheriff. Not only Sheriff of London, too, but Sheriff of London and Middlesex, so as to make sure, I suppose, of having a certain duty to perform, to which I will not further allude. My first difficulty was to find the Common Hall, little expecting that such a term of contempt could ever be applied to beautiful Guildhall, but so it was; and I entered its sacred precincts through a little wicket, over which the name of my Worshipful Company was inscribed. There I found the Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR seated in solemn state, with all the City Magnates around him, all of whom carried beautiful bouquets, which they occasionally smelt at, as if the atmosphere of the Common Hall was rather too common for them.

The Election of the Sheriffs was passing off quietly enough, when a sombre Liveryman of most melancholy appearance asked permission to put a question to the Candidates, and put it accordingly, but as it was very long and quite inaudible, it did not excite much enthusiasm. There were some half-dozen names put up, but everybody voted for my unknown friend and for a very nice fresh-looking but somewhat juvenile Alderman, and that business was soon over.

Then stepped forth in most dainty fashion a Gentleman dressed in full Court suit, with about the most flowery waistcoat I think I ever saw. I was told by a kindly neighbour that the Gentleman in question was the Treasurer of all the countless millions of the great Corporation of the City of London, and always wore that magnificent waistcoat as symbolical of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. He was received with a most cordial greeting, and re-elected to his responsible, but doubtless very comfortable, office, unanimously. My friend told me that he saw him on the 8th of last November, when he thought the Corporation wanted just a little hint about their extravagance, walk up to the LORD MAYOR and hand him an enormous purse, but which was quite empty; that the LORD MAYOR took the hint in the most good-tempered way, and communicated the fact

to the Court of Common Council, who have since been just a little more economical.

Then followed a proceeding that I could not at all comprehend, namely, the election of some half-a-dozen Ale-conners. This proceeding seemed to provoke a large amount of curiosity as to the probable duties of these mysterious individuals, more especially as there was a contested election for the apparently coveted office. A learned Pundit in my vicinity informed us that an Ale-conner was one who inquired into the condition of the Ale sold in the City, and was derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *cunnian*, to inquire into, but a remarkably jovial-looking Liveryman expressed it as his opinion that it meant a man who knew a good glass of Ale when he tasted it. The question was naturally asked why, if the Liverymen of London, in Common Hall assembled, were so very particular about the quality of the Ale supplied to the thirsty Citizens of London, they were not equally particular about the Porter and Stout, and why no Porter-conners or Stout-conners were appointed, to which very natural question the learned Pundit replied that Porter and Stout were comparatively modern inventions, following rapidly upon the discovery of Spanish Licorice, while the antiquity of Ale and the importance attached to its quality were distinctly proved by the line from SHAKESPEARE, "Blessings on her heart, for she brewed Good Ale!" This doubtful point being thus satisfactorily cleared up, we all came away.

J. LATOUE.

Memorable.

ON June 24, when the House met at 5 P.M., Mr. WINN alone represented the new Ministry on the Treasury Bench. With the exception of a statement from Mr. GLADSTONE, and a notice from Mr. PARNELL, Mr. WINN had the business all to himself. He "moved" sixteen times, though always remaining in the same place; and he "withdrew" once, without retiring. This is so remarkable, that in Hansard and all Parliamentary annals or records we order that Wednesday, June 24, of this year, shall henceforth be known only as "WINNSDAY."

MR. PUNCH, for the eighty-ninth time, has refused a Peerage. He has, however, requested that a collar may be bestowed on TONY, and has been promised the reversion of a pair of garters.

LIGHTLY HANDELING.

(To the Crystal Palace with a friend to hear the Messiah.)

A GREAT crowd at Victoria going down to the Palace, but we did it very easily and comfortably on the High Level.

On such an occasion as this, that is the Handel Festival, and assisting,—not that I can assist them very much, but it's a phrase



Manns wants but little here below,
But wants that little strong.

we've adapted from the French,—at the performance of sacred music, I am feeling grave, serious, and inclined to regard my fellow travellers as engaged with me on a sort of pilgrimage. Bright gloves and brilliant toilettes would jar on me at so solemn a function.

In this tranquil and appropriate frame of mind I am on the point of entering the carriage, when a slap on the shoulder causes me to turn, and I come face to face with my friend BUNSON, in a light sporting dust-coat, a bright grey undercoat, white waistcoat, sporting tie, masher collar, striking trousers, resplendent boots, and one of the whitest hats I ever saw. He has a race-glass slung round him, a gardenia in his button-hole, and in his brilliantly-gloved hand a stick with a silver knob

to it of such a size as to suggest a combination of a Drum-Major's cane with a humble Cathedral Verger's wand. BUNSON is evidently going down to some races.

"Races!" he exclaims, when I, with due gravity, pretend a temporary interest in his mundane amusements. "Races, no! I'm going down with you to hear the Crystal Palace Rortorio." Indeed! But then why dress like this? "Splendid sight," he goes on. "Heaps of people—people you don't see anywhere else—and lots of pretty girls. You know," he adds, giving me a nudge in the ribs with his elbow, and smiling affably at a rigid old lady dressed in what is evidently her best Sunday gown, "you know there are lots of girls' schools taken to this sort of thing, and you do see some rattling pretty, fresh faces."

BUNSON is full of this style of conversation. He is overflowing with it. He has had, and is having, he informs me, a very gay season; he is out every night, and every day. He is never at home. He entertains at his Club,—by the way, he doesn't entertain me. He is the delight of thousands. He is bored to death by invitations. The Nobility and Gentry vie with each other to obtain BUNSON's society, and, in fact, as far as I can gather from his information, no social or fashionable gathering, during the season, is complete without BUNSON.

Now this is not the sort of companion I should choose with whom to go to hear the *Messiah*. He won't talk of Handel, of Oratorios, of Cathedrals, of sacred subjects, of the Revised Version, of the recent discovery of a primitive text, and so forth, but he tells me how many excellent dinners he has had. He smacks his lips over the Champagne he has consumed; he gives me, in a loud tone of voice, receipts for making certain tasty dishes,—and here, I am bound to say, he seems to awaken considerable interest in the other Handelian Pilgrims in our carriage, who are sitting silently regarding BUNSON, and drinking in words of culinary wisdom from BUNSON's lips. I feel sure that, if the journey were a long one, we should all gradually forget the object in view, and, under this strange BUNSON spell, would find ourselves discussing recipes for good dishes, and the vintages of '74, instead of the merits of the *Messiah*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and other of HANDEL's compositions.

We troop on to the platform and into the Palace. In view of the various refreshment-rooms and bars, it occurs to BUNSON that he hasn't lunched. He must, he says, have something before he can listen to music. "Besides," he adds, "I don't come so much for the music, as to see the crowd. It's a wonderful sight."

After ascertaining the exact position of his seat, which is next to mine, he disappears, to procure what he calls "a snack and a short drink."

He is right. The crowd of singers above the orchestra is a

wonderful sight. Mr. MANNS arrives, then Madame PATEY and Mr. MAAS. Their presence is acknowledged by thousands of hands, and an enthusiastic middle-aged gentleman near me, with a very shiny bald head and resplendent new lavender kids, waves his hat and beats his umbrella on the floor. Then the National Anthem is sung. This creates a profound sensation. When it is finished, everyone looks at everybody else with a satisfied air, and we all applaud with an air of subdued self-congratulation, as if we had been singing it ourselves, and were much pleased with our performance.

The enthusiastic gentleman, who had been privately and personally conducting the Anthem, keeping, as it were, a check upon the chorus with his right forefinger, and ready to relieve Mr. MANNS at a moment's notice if necessary, having put his hat down on his chair in order to have both hands free for applause, now suddenly sits on it, and for the next few minutes, during the solo and chorus, he is occupied in straightening it out and sedulously brushing it. The incident has temporarily crushed his enthusiasm,—and his hat.

After this we settle down to business, and Mr. MANNS, having satisfied himself that everything is correct, starts the Overture. Then up comes Mr. MAAS, and, at the first notes of the tenor solo, "Comfort ye my People," my mind goes back to hot Sunday afternoons in Eton College Chapel, when we used to ask some subordinate official what was to be the Anthem of the day, and were informed that it would be "Oly, 'oly, 'ANDEL 'Alleluiah Chorus." Mr. MAAS sings superbly, and is much applauded. Then follows a Chorus which, like most other Handelian Choruses, begins effectively, and soon becomes monotonous on account of the repetition of the words, which, in this instance, are "And all flesh."

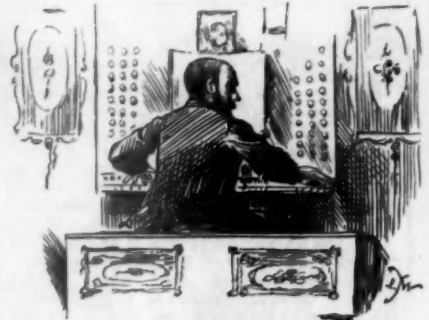
The rule of these Choruses seems to be, that first the people on the right shall make a statement, or an assertion, musically, and that this shall be immediately followed by the people on the left repeating it louder, with just a tinge of annoyance in their tone. And then the people in the middle try to mend matters by repeating the phrase, in order to bring the two parties together; in which good office, after some two dozen more repetitions, which become more and more self-asserting each time, on the one hand, and the retorts more and more forcible on the other, they ultimately succeed, and then all join together harmoniously, the Chorus ending in the most perfect unanimity.

How many times "All flesh" is repeated I don't know, but I am just beginning to wish that HANDEL had remembered that "All flesh is grass," and, accordingly, wants cutting, when Signor FOLI starts his bass part, and proceeds to give what seems to have been a humorous illustration in the Composer's mind of the grand words, "I will shake." Shake! Heavens, he shakes all over. It may be musically heretical to express such an opinion, but for a serious Composer like HANDEL to have hit upon no more appropriate setting of the Prophet's celestial message than, when he comes on the words "I will shake," to make his Bass singer simply produce an all-round-and-round shake, is, to my humble and un-Handelian thinking, a puerile treatment, utterly unworthy of the sublimity of the subject. And this, more or less, strikes me as true of all the fugues and shakes, repetitions, and florid passages, when connected with sacred words in this particular Oratorio.

Then the Chorus, "Purify the Sons of Levi," is much applauded. Subsequently they sing what seems to be an "Altercation Chorus," one side asserting "Unto us," and the other side warmly retorting with the same words, and the dispute, as usual, is only set right apparently, and brought to a satisfactory conclusion, by the intervention of the people in the middle, when once more all ends happily.

Madame ALBANI's beautiful voice is now heard with telling effect; but, for the matter of that, there could not be a more perfect quintette than was represented by Mmes. PATEY, ALBANI, Messrs. MAAS, FOLI, and SARTLEY.

The enthusiastic man with the bald head has quite recovered himself—not with his hat,—and been giving Mr. MANNS every possible assistance by privately and personally conducting different portions of the Oratorio. Just as we get to Number Nineteen, "Then shall the eyes of the blind," BUNSON returns from his "snack and short drink," and has some difficulty in finding his seat. What his snack has consisted of he doesn't inform me, but, like Lesbia, he "has a



An Eyre on the Organ.

beaming eye," and there is altogether an air of such joviality about him as is a safe indication of the short drink having given complete satisfaction. He recognises me at a distance, and waves his hand. He comes jauntily towards his seat, and says, cheerily and loudly, "Well, old man, what's been going on?" The serious portion of the audience in my immediate vicinity express their distaste for this sort of interruption in a mild but decided "S-a-a-h!" So, motioning him to his place, I pretend to be completely absorbed in the performance.

But BUNSON is restless: he has his lorgnettes out at once, and is examining the Choir.

"Some pretty girls there," he mutters, *sotto voce*, with the air of a slave-merchant who is going to pick out a few to take away with him. "Doosid pretty girls, some of 'em," he goes on, adding, as he gives me a wink, and then emphasises it with a sly nudge of his elbow, "shouldn't mind being in that Chorus myself, eh, old man?"

I point out to him, in a whisper, that the sexes are separated.

"Yes," he says, knowingly, "but I should make a mistake, and get on the wrong side, eh?" This is not the proper tone of mind for anyone "assisting" at a Handel Festival.

During the Entr'acte we roam about the Palace and visit the Pompeian House and the Picture Galleries. BUNSON meets a friend, and I hear the word "smoke" pass between them, after which they both disappear, and BUNSON doesn't return to his seat till nearly the end of the Second Part, when he brings with him a rich odour of tobacco.

The Chorus comes out very strong in the Second Part, specially in "All we like Sheep," which phrase is repeated so often,—it seems like twenty-five times, but cannot be less than a dozen,—that BUNSON has had enough of it after the twelfth repeat, and not being possessed of a book, he asks me "What do they mean by going on saying that 'they all like sheep'?" He is right: it does sound absurd, and to anyone unacquainted with the context, which, by the way, they are a long time getting at, the effect is simply of a lot of people announcing the fact of a not very peculiar or extraordinary taste for mutton on their part, in the words "All we like sheep."

"Do you?" growls BUNSON, as if answering the Chorus. "Then I wish to goodness you'd get some, and have done with it."

The repetition has been too much for even the enthusiastic man with the bald head; he has given up privately conducting, and has fallen fast asleep. BUNSON follows his example, waking up for SANTLEY's solo, and then getting on his legs for the glorious Hallelujah Chorus, when the bald-headed enthusiast, now thoroughly roused, beats time wildly, wags his head, and, I fancy, has considerable difficulty in restraining himself from waving his injured hat, and joining in lustily.

BUNSON is so deeply impressed, that only once during the Chorus does he put his lorgnettes to his eyes, to look at the ladies in the chorus; but this is only a matter of habit, as his face is perfectly grave and his air as subdued as if he were in church, where for a moment he really thinks he is, for he promptly causes the race-glasses to disappear in their case, and stands quite overpowered by the sublimity of the work, and the remarkable power of its execution.

"Splendid!" I say to him, when it is finished, and we have applauded everybody, and Mr. MAJES in particular.

"Yes," returns BUNSON, meditatively; "but I'd rather hear it in a Cathedral."

I understand the sentiment, and, to a certain extent, agree with it. Yet there are some good people who think that an Oratorio should be kept for the Concert Hall, and a Clergyman actually found Scriptural authority for not playing Handel at all in the text, "Handle not." But he was a rigid Puritan punster.

On Wednesday, the selections, with a few notable exceptions, were not on the whole satisfactory, though admirably executed by soloists, chorus, and orchestra. "See the Conquering Hero Comes" was superbly rendered. The excitement was at its highest when AUGUSTUS DRUMOLANUS walked down and bowed his acknowledgments. Of course to-day's performance on the organ was the Best. Mr. MAAS sounded an alarm with telling effect.

One good thing I overheard. Mr. MAJES has a way of constantly holding his left hand to his ear. A simple-minded lady was much exercised by this, and at last she turned to her neighbour, and asked, "Is he deaf?" The idea of a deaf Conductor for a Handel Festival is delicious.

The Crystal Palace Directors would do well to go in for more of this class of entertainment. It might become the Palace's *spécialité*. This is a suggestion. BUNSON thinks so too.

Mems. at the Military Tournament.

- "SINGLE-Stick Display"—A Bachelor's Party.
- "Tilting at the Ring"—Belles at a Ball.
- "Lemon-Cutting"—Skipping AUBERON HERBERT's letters to the *Times*.
- "Heads and Posts"—Appointing the Tory Chief to Office.
- "Fencing"—The correspondence between Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GLADSTONE about "Assurances."

THE LONDON SCHOOL-BOARD AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read with shame and indignation in a weekly journal an outrageous attack on the august body of which I am a member. We are accused of bullying, and worrying, and fining, and imprisoning an infinite number of the poorest of the poor for not sending their children to school in obedience to the Act of Parliament and the Mundella Code. This Journal presumes, with characteristic audacity, to set itself above all Acts of Parliament and all Codes. It says we frequently deprive a poor family of five or six shillings a week by taking a boy away from work and compelling him to go to school.

Well—suppose we do—what is a paltry sum of five or six shillings a week compared with the inestimable advantages of such an education as, through the liberality of the ratepayers, we are enabled to offer to the humblest and the poorest? What are pounds, shillings, and pence, compared with the pursuit, as the late Lord LYTON would say, of the Beautiful and the True? The boy who, instead of sinking to the level of a mechanic's drudge, can quote from the prophecy of DANTE or the Elegy of GRAY, is already on the road to fortune, perhaps to fame. But it is said that we have spent £300,000, or thereabouts, on compulsory education. If it were three millions instead of three hundred thousand, I say the money would have been well spent. Then it is said that we often prosecute some poor widow, not because she does not send her boy to school, but because he plays truant, thus punishing the innocent for the guilty. O wise critic! have not the innocent suffered for the guilty since the world began? and is not the point about which there may have been some doubt, now clearly settled by Act of Parliament?

The writer of the article even goes out of his way to eulogise PAGER, that most irrepressible of Beaks, for the obvious reason that he invariably decides against the School-Board. The long and the short of the matter is, that our honourable Board is held up, by unscrupulous persons, not only as a gigantic humbug, but as an insatiable vampire, which is steadily consuming, and threatens finally to swallow, the vitals of the ratepayers.

You, Mr. Punch, know how utterly false and groundless these charges are, and I appeal with confidence to your love of justice to say a word in our behalf. Your pen is a sledge-hammer. Wield it, I entreat you, in the cause of humanity and progress, and demolish at a single blow the puny scribblers, who, in the depth of their hopeless ignorance, have ventured to assail the greatest and most glorious work of the Nineteenth Century.

A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL-BOARD.

THE PREMIER'S PRIMER; OR QUEEN'S ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

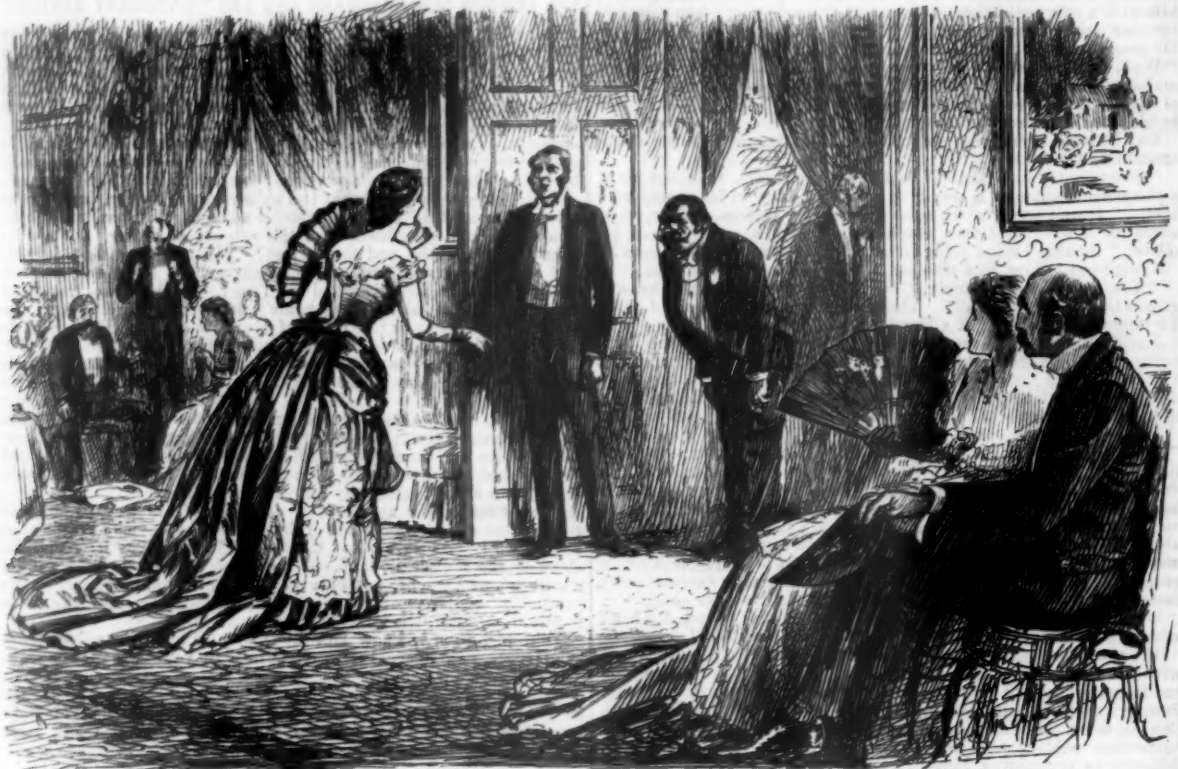
(Being Models for Future Statesmen, in their Official Correspondence.)

MR. G— presents his humble duty to your MAJESTY, and I wish to state as he has had the honour to receive a communication from Sir H. P—, written on Her Majesty's letter-paper, and inclosing a letter, and which Mr. G— herewith sends to your MAJESTY. Mr. G— would have liked, if he could he should that is, to have been able to have presented that Document to Her MAJESTY when your MAJESTY could be explained to how it was that those conditions was not as what Lord S— has originally suggested. He presents his humble duty, And am your MAJESTY's obedient Servant.

Lord S— with his humble duty and kind regards, and hoping this reaches HER MAJESTY as it leaves me at present. Lord S— begs to respectfully acknowledge the letters from Mr. G—, and begs to say that I really don't understand what the aforesaid Mr. G— have been supposed to be driving at. Lord S— should have not liked to have undertaken Her Majesty's Government if your MAJESTY could not have received assurances from Mr. G— which might have enabled HER MAJESTY to have made some definitive arrangement, and to have come to an understanding with both parties concerned. As it is, me and him has still certain differences which Lord S— would have liked to have been concluded in accordance with whatever was your MAJESTY's wishes. Lord S— present his respects, and with humble duty hopes it will be all right in the end, as it wasn't in the beginning.

Mr. G— sends his humble duty to HER MAJESTY, and should have wished that this correspondence would have been public. This comes hoping Your MAJESTY is well, which I am never better, he is Your MAJESTY's Truly, W. E. G—.

Lord S—, with his humblest duty and respectful thanks for past favours, quite indorses and concurs in what Mr. G— has wanted on this subject, and hopes this correspondence will be treated as public. Hoping that by continued attention to business, by punctuality and dispatch, to merit a continuance of Your MAJESTY's custom, I beg to subscribe myself Her MAJESTY's respectful Servant, S—.



THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Mrs. Moubray de Vere Smithers. "HERE'S THAT HORRID VICOMTE DE SAINTE-ALDEGONDE, AS HE CALLS HIMSELF, WHO STOLE LORD MASHAM'S SLEEVE STUDS AT MONTE CARLO, AND WAS SENT TO PRISON; HE WAS A GARÇON DE CAFÉ, OR SOMETHING, AND HIS REAL NAME IS CRAFTLOT. I WONDER SUCH PEOPLE ARE ADMITTED ANYWHERE!"

The Colonel. "BUT—PARDON ME—SURELY I MET HIM AT YOUR HOUSE LAST NIGHT!"

Mrs. Moubray de Vere Smithers. "OH, EVERYBODY ASKS HIM, YOU KNOW—SO OF COURSE I DO!"

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

SCENE—Bow of the Ship of State "Britannia" under overhaul for a fresh cruise. S-L-SB-RY (successor to the late firm of GLADSTONE & Co., Ship-carvers) with his handy lad R-ND-LPH.

R-nd-lph ("running his eye over her," contemptuously). Yah! call that a figure-head? I'd cut a better 'un with a clasp-knife out of a turnip.

S-l-sb-ry (gloomily). Ah! she do look a dough-faced doll, don't she, boy?

R-nd-lph. Nasty niminy-piminy namby-pamby thing! "BRITTANYER rule the waves," indeed! She don't look good enough to rule a class of young Charities, she don't. Might ha' done for the figger-head of Noah's Ark perhaps, with her olive branch and her lackadaisical lovey-dovey sort of a smile. Why, she ain't got ne'er a trident Guv'nor,—see?

S-l-sb-ry. No! Late Firm didn't believe in the good old sea-dog type o' BRITTANYER, with the down-ye-er-go frown, and the three-pronged fork. Went in for "new ideals," they did. And a nice mess they made of it.

R-nd-lph. Rather! New ideals be jiggered, I say. Give me the old "Bull-Dogs," "BRITTANYERS," and "Bully Ruffians!" Some pleasure in carrying them, eh, Guv'nor?

S-l-sb-ry. Right, boy! Wonder what old BENBOW 'ud 'a said to this meek-mouthed miss of a molly-coddling BRITTANYER to face the foe with.

R-nd-lph. Ah, that GLADSTONE & Co.! Reglar disgrace to our trade, they was. Ought never to ha' gone into it. Only fit to make sham lions in butter, or mould shepherdesses out o' sweetstuff for the confectioners.

S-l-sb-ry (aside). Young 'un's got a rare tongue on him! Dunno whether I ought to encourage him quite so much. He'll be a

gitting the weather-gauge of me if I don't watch it, one o' these days. Orkud nipper to snub though, somehow.

R-nd-lph (aside). Guv'nor looks a bit crusty. Don't quite like my patter, I suspect. Lor he ain't arf a one, else he'd have smashed up G. & Co. long since, afore this nose-o'-wax "BRITTANYER" was near finished. But time's short, and he's in a bit of a 'ole. Only wish the business was mine. Praps it may be soon. Then I'll show 'em.

S-l-sb-ry (aloud). Well, we must git to work, and—ahem!—do somethink for our money, I suppose.

R-nd-lph. Wot's BRITTANYER want with that bit o' twig, eh? Even a birch 'ud be better than that. Can't whip anything or anybody, from a young Charity to Creation, with a holive-branch.

S-l-sb-ry. Oh, GLADSTONE was nuts on the holive-branch, you know. Give old Mars himself a bit of it, and try to pass him off the God o' Peace, he would.

R-nd-lph. Wot rot! Pore old BRITTANYER! Twiddling the twig instead of keepin' a tight 'old o' the trident. Might as well have give her the White Feather at once. That's wot it reely came to when all was told, Guv'nor.

S-l-sb-ry. Y-e-e-s! 'Owsomever, I don't see what pertikler we can do with this job at present. A'most wish, after all, he'd stopped in and finished it off hisself. Won't do us any credit, anyhow.

R-nd-lph. But I say, Guv'nor, arter running down his work, as we've bin a doin' for years, and selling him up at last, don't you know!

S-l-sb-ry. Why, what can we do? Ship must go into commission, though only for a short cruise, at once. No time to remodel the Figger Head. And—

R-nd-lph (eagerly). But can't you just touch her up a bit, and alter the expression, make her look a little bit more fiercer-like, don't yer know?

S-l-sb-ry (dubiously). Humph! We'll see. [Left considering.]



“FRESH PAINT!”

THE SHIP'S CARPENTER. “H'M!—THERE'S NO TIME TO RE-MODEL HER!”

THE “HANDY BOY.” “NO, GUV’NOR!—BUT WE MIGHT TOUCH HER UP A BIT, AND MAKE HER LOOK MORE FIERCERER-LIKE!!”

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A SOAP-AND-WATERLESS JULY.

(A Wee-daring Novella.)

From the Prince Zoedoni, Caviare Hotel, London, to the Duchess della Bianessa, Marghati, near Ramaghati, Italy.

DUCKISSIMA REBECKAH,

I GOT your letter, which was delightful, because it was yours, but which made me feel like a schoolboy who had got a *vacca toppo mi bacca*. Yes, it is quite true. We are going to be married. I met her in one of the river tea-gardens. It was at Putney. I had never seen a woman like her before. She is so white, so beautifully clean. I never saw anything so clean except the virgin snow on the Anti-macassar. She is so different to you. Felicitate me! Write to me at my future Eden. It is called Welsharp, near Endon, Arryshire. It is the choice of my beautiful Soap-dish.

From the Lady Sarah Snookes, Buckingham Palace Road, London, to Lady Chelsebus, British Embassies, Vienna and Constantinople.

The season has been horribly dull—only one marriage worth talking about. The second daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Battersea Park, the Lady Jinnivere, is going to be united to Prince Zoedoni, the Roman Toff, whose hats—three of them worn one upon the other in full dress—are simply lovely. The Earl did not care about it as the Lady Jinnivere had had another young man keeping company with her—her cousin in the Blues, Lord Hampton Court. But the Prince carried all before him—his performances on his national musical instrument, the mouth harp, were irresistible.

From the Lady Clara Beer de Beer, London, to Miss de Rosherville, Thames Steamboat Citizen B, off Gravesend.

The wedding was first-rate. Real Saumur champagne, ginger-pop, cold beef, and what I may call all the delicacies of the season. The Chief Rabbi, who had at first refused his consent, had given it, and behaved quite too charmingly. The Prince kept all his hats on at one of them. They are going to Welsharp, near Endon, for a month to be quiet. I fancy Naso will soon be bored. She ought to have taken him to some lively place, such as Southend or Boolong.

From the Prince Zoedoni, Welsharp, near Endon, to the Duchess della Bianessa, Marghati, near Ramaghati, Tanetta.

DUCKISSIMA MIA,

I never saw so much water before! This place is a perfect paradiso, but I seem always to be washing my face. This is a *nusanza*. As for the kitchen, it is perfectly awful—no fried fish, no *tripo*, no *inioni*! But still I am very happy. *Ma Sopanatura* is an angel!

From the Duchess della Bianessa, Marghati, to the Prince Zoedoni, Welsharp, England.

CARO MIO CIAPPONI,

Your wife certainly bores you. She is evidently a *nusanza*. We know what our men want—a *slappa sodo di modello*. I have half a mind to write to her to tell her to give you a *ponciello sulla nobba*! Poor fellow. *Povero diavolo*, how miserable you must be! I know how you hate water!

From the Princess Zoedoni, to Lady Blaunche Ditching, of the European Embassies.

DEAREST BLAUNCHE,

Of course, I am awfully happy, and can't be too proud of being married to an Italian nobleman of Hebrew descent! It is such a rise in the world for the daughter of an English Earl. Still I do not like all his foreign habits. You see he will drink beer (he calls it *mezzo e mezzo*) with the servants in the village ale-house, and never dresses for dinner. He always wears the same flannel-shirt. But he looks so different from our young men—such long hair and so picturesque! But I am afraid he is bored! Isn't that dreadful? However, he seemed quite pleased the other day when I got him some garlic! Dear fellow! He yawned afterwards, and he sleeps a great deal. Yes. I am afraid he is bored.

From Lady Blaunche Esiboots, of the European Embassies, to Princess Zoedoni.

You little silly! You would marry a noble rum 'un. If he won't make himself an advertisement for What's-his-name's soap, well you can't wash your hands of him now. Bored is he? Then be proud of him. He is clever. Only clever men are bored. Well-educated ones are school-bored. You ask my advice? Yes. Well, it is this, do as you like and let him do as he likes. Then you'll both do as you both like, and you'll both be happy. You little goose.

From the Prince Zoedoni, to the Count Maccaroni, Hatton Garden, London.

CARO BOBBO,

Pray send me all the penny-dreadfuls, *London Journals*, and "Pink 'uns" you can find. Also half a dozen cutty pipes, a pound of shag, and a hundred penny Pickwicks. Such a place, *caro mio*!

But my wife is just a little too particular. She expects me to brush my hair more than once a day! What a *nusanza*! *È boro, boro*! The fact is, we Italian *Ciappis* are not accustomed to this sort of thing!

From the Lady Sarah Snookes, Marghati, near Ramaghati, Italy, to Lady Chelsebus, British Embassies, Vienna and Constantinople.

Yes, they are both here. The Prince is constantly with the Duchess della Bianessa. Their dancing the other evening in the polka-mazurka at the *Aula Marina* was the talk of the place. Lord Hampton Court saw them, and carried the tale to the poor little Princess. I met her and her rejected admirer going down to the bathing-machines. They, of course, knew that near the sea they would be safe from observation of the Prince. He would never come there! I see many complications ahead. Well, they will all be the fault of A Soap-and-Waterless July!

THE GIFT OF REPARTEE.

THERE are qualities, esteemed by some, to which I lay no claim, But look down on them with quiet scorn, as commonplace and tame, Such as industry, sobriety, and honesty, forsooth, Punctuality, and accurate adherence to the truth. I've been told by captious persons that my "form" is deuced bad, That my language is irreverent—in fact, that I'm a Cad! But, to balance my shortcomings, e'en my enemies agree That kind Nature has endowed me with the Gift of Repartee.

Every day—occasion serving—I contrive to make a hit With some dazzling inspiration of my keen and ready wit. My impromptus are as luminous as lightning, and as hot, Sometimes playful, sometimes withering, but always on the spot. Yet the smartest things I utter have occasionally led To results which made me feel that they had best been left unsaid; For Society abounds in stupid Philistines, you see, Quite incapable of relishing the charms of Repartee!

I've a muscular acquaintance who is always full of chaff, And against me, 'tother evening, he contrived to raise a laugh With a somewhat rough and vulgar kind of joke—but let that pass!— I rejoined, with sparkling humour, "JONES, my boy, you are an ass!" Whereupon he struck me suddenly, and just between the eyes, With a force that caused me no small pain and very great surprise. It was then, I may admit, the notion first occurred to me That it might have been as well had I foregone that Repartee.

Once my venerable Aunt to reprehend me felt inclined;— She's a Pseudo-Anabaptist, of a gloomy turn of mind;— After twenty minutes' preaching, I had had about enough, So I wittily exclaimed, "Beloved Aunt, you're a muff!" The old woman—at her dulness you will be amazed, I trow— Proved unable to appreciate that admirable *mot*. She left every ounce of property she owned away from me, And I lost a handsome fortune by that brilliant Repartee!

I was being cross-examined in a Court of Law, one day, When the Judge exclaimed, "Speak louder, Sir! I can't hear what you say!"

I perceived my chance, and of it straight resolved to make the most, So I shouted, "Why, old Cocky-wax, you're deaf as a post!" His Lordship did not see the joke, but took me up quite short, And, in point of fact, committed me for gross contempt of Court. Off to gaol I went, and years elapsed before I was set free, All because that deaf old duffer had no taste for Repartee!

I was once in love, and deeply too, with One surpassing fair, Of romantic disposition, languid eyes, and tawny hair. She was plump and she was pious, this inimitable One, And she vowed she loved me dearly—but she wasn't fond of fun! I remember, when she kissed me of her own accord one day, I exclaimed, "I'll tell your Mother!" in my scintillating way. Well, she slapped my face and sent me to the right-about, for aye, Strange to say, was quite disgusted by that graceful Repartee.

This inestimable gift of mine, I candidly confess, If appraised by its effects, can scarcely rank as a success. It has cost me more than competence, and liberty besides, Not to mention countless hosts of friends and half a dozen brides. I've been kicked with noisome frequency, and punched till I was sore, Trampled on with high-heeled boots until I wallowed in my gore. Yet, despite the thousand sorrows *badinage* has wrought to me, There is nothing I'm so proud of as my Gift of Repartee!

"BARREL" ORGANS.—The Tizer and Licensed Victuallers' Gazette.



NEW MEN AND OLD ATTITUDES.

PRINCIPALS OF THE NEW CONSERVATIVE COMEDY COMPANY TRYING TO LOOK AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE LIKE THE OLD PUBLIC FAVOURITES.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Tuesday Night, June 23.—Happening to drop into one of the Paddington Omnibuses this afternoon, thought I saw familiar figure in the corner. Tall, big-shouldered man, with dark beard, slight stoop, and small hand-bag. Can it be? Yes, it is—the Markiss?

"Going down to Ascot?"

"No," he said, "going to Windsor; accepted office, you know. Oh no, that was all my fun declaring I wouldn't go in. Wanted to scare a few friends, and flatter myself I succeeded. You should have seen some of them—I mention no names—when they heard that there was a hitch. Thought, too, I'd frighten GLADSTONE and his lot. But they seem to have changed their opinion. Were terribly alarmed, at first, that we would not come in; but now don't seem disinclined to go back. I've had a rare time this last week, TOBY, I can tell you. But no use spoiling a joke by keeping it up too long. So now I'm off to Windsor. Have left DENMAN in charge of affairs in Lords."

So it turned out. DENMAN, in absence of Markiss, ran the machine, and nearly broke it up. Wanted to throw out Seats Bill. But was so terrified by the scowls and frowns of CRANBROOK and others on Front Bench that he dropped his motion like hot potato. Not to be moved, however, on next business. Has attached himself to cause of Woman; is determined she shall have right done to her.

"You bring this Bill on in the Commons," he said to Miss BECKER, "and what happens? Nothing! I take it up in Lords, and you'll see it'll go through just as if it were the Seats Bill. Let Lovely Woman keep her eye on me and I'll pull her through."

Made magnificent and convincing speech in moving Second Reading of the Bill. When he sat down dead silence prevailed. House evidently taken by storm. Not a nobleman to get up and offer reply, however weak. DENMAN folded his arms and surveyed the scene with smile of triumph. Hope Lovely Woman was keeping her eye upon him, for he was certainly pulling her through. Question put from Woolsack "that Bill be read a Second Time."

"Non-Contents have it," said LORD CHANCELLOR.

DENMAN looked at him with pitying glance. Going out of office: naturally in spiteful temper, but, happily, harmless.

"Contents have it," he insisted. They strove in vain against his determination. House divided, and, somehow or other, people got into wrong lobbies, only eight voting with DENMAN, and thirty-six against. "I believe," said WOODALL, savagely, "that the other side have got hold of DENMAN, and not able to defeat us otherwise, induced him to take up our cause."

House of Commons.—State of lively expectation in Commons, but nothing particular in fulfilment. GLADSTONE confirmed statement privately made to me by Markiss an hour earlier. Conservatives will take office. Writs to be moved to-morrow, and in the meantime House adjourns.

Commons, Wednesday.—Umpires called "Over!" and field changed sides. "You don't move, of course, TOBY," said GLADSTONE. "You're above all Parties. We poor politicians, condemned to stand on two legs, are awayed hither and thither by the storms of politics. You, broad-based upon four legs, remain unmoved amid the convulsions of our little world. Ah! happy dog!"

Much touched by this confidence. To ordinary people he seems in highest spirits; plucked up wonderfully since he went out of Office. But beneath the mask is a bleeding heart. Very nicely put, that about the four legs. But a man can't have everything.

GLADSTONE read long correspondence between the Markiss and himself. Method of correspondence rather peculiar. Markiss wants to say something to GLADSTONE, so writes letter to the QUEEN at Windsor. QUEEN sends it to GLADSTONE. GLADSTONE replies in letter to the QUEEN, who forwards it to Markiss, and so on.

"Using HER MAJESTY for a pillar letter-box," says SHAW-LEPFVRE, who regards incoming of Markiss as a personal question arising just as he was settling down comfortably at St. Martin's-le-Grand. "Cheaper and quicker to use a penny stamp, and send letter direct between Downing Street and Arlington Street."

"Not a very safe way either," says CHAMBERLAIN. "Evidently one letter miscarried. On 20th Markiss repeats declaration, 'Can't take office without specific pledges.' 21st, W. E. G. repeats refusal to give them. On 22nd Markiss takes office. Must have been something to round off his flat refusal of 20th."

Business done.—ROWLAND WIEN moves writs for new Elections.

Thursday.—More new appointments and more writs. House hears with delight that ASHMEAD-BARTLETT is "one of Her Majesty's Commissioners for Executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom."

"And so you've made ASHMEAD-BARTLETT a sort of Lord High Admiral," I said to the Markiss, who was hanging about the door of the House of Lords waiting till half past four to make his entry as PREMIER. "This is pretty quick advance for a man who yesterday was rated A.B."

"Yes," said the Markiss, with a sigh. "It's been a terrible business all through. But BEACH declined to take charge of Commons unless I gave him a specific pledge to put a stopper on ASHMEAD. 'It's a choice between him always asking questions, or occasionally answering them,' BEACH said. 'For peace's sake, put him on the Treasury Bench.' Had to yield. But it's a bad precedent, and will make the House of Commons unbearable. You'll be having now half a dozen imitation ASHMEAD-BARTLETTs, all practising 'An Easy Way to the Treasury Bench.'"

Full House in Lords. Markiss introduces himself as Premier, and has kindly reception. Alludes to Correspondence with GLADSTONE, but makes no reference to missing letter. HARDINGE GIFFARD, curiously observed by REDERDALE, partially seats himself on Woolsack, "Giving," says SHEERBROOKE, his poetic mind fired by the spectacle, "the last touch of grace and dignity to this gilded chamber."

Business done.—Parliament adjourns till July 6th.

"A DAY IN THE COUNTRY."

PEST in close, unwholesome places,
Where the sun can scarcely shine,
Little children, with pale faces,
In their abject squalor pine.
'Tis a spot that's fever-haunted,
Where they draw a poisoned breath;
But the Poor work on undaunted,
In that atmosphere of death.

Though the children that they cherish
Swiftly fade away and die;
Though the little babies perish,
And in nameless grave-plots lie;
Still the workers plod on grimly,
Where the thick black smoke is curl'd;
Sometimes maybe feeling dimly
There's somewhere a brighter world.

Those poor children, sad the story,
Never saw a stately tree,
Ne'er beheld the sunset glory,
O'er the flower bespangled lea.
Never saw the starry daisies,
And the streams that wimple down;
Far the meadows' fragrant mazes
From the close courts of the Town!

They have never seen the ocean
Break in thunder on the strand,
All the wild waves' mad commotion,
When the surge o'erleaps the land;
Never known the twilight tender,
When the storm-wind has passed by;
Or the pale moon's silver splendour,
When the sea reflects the sky.

Take them one day, then, from sorrow,
From the haunts of sin and crime,
That from gladness they may borrow
Comfort for the aftertime.
Let them see the country smiling,
Shining stream and flower-clad plain;
All their wee sad hearts beguiling
From a life so full of pain.

One small luxury untasted,
One delight in all the hours,
And the pittance won't be wasted,
Since the children see the flowers.
Sir, your button-hole has posies.
Madam, your fan too. Suppose,
You for once give up your roses,
That the Children see one rose.

CYCLOMANIA.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER my spill off the "Shoreditch Zephyr," my "Costume" is a thing of shreds and patches, and the Machine a thing of eggs and smashes; still I feel remarkably cool and collected.

Suddenly remember a story of a man who met with a railway accident, and thought nothing of it at the time, but went raving mad exactly six hours afterwards.

A Rustic appears. He is the man who was shouting to me at the top of the hill. He tells me there's a board there "a-warning of wheelers not to ride down." Well, why didn't he shout louder? I ask him. He says he "hollered" as loud as he could, and tries to harrow me with a tale of a man who was thrown off a triecyle on this very hill last week, and "took to the ospital."

Am rather pleased to hear of this. Don't feel at all harrowed. It shows what tremendous peril I really have been in without knowing it. I wheel the machine to the Station.

Hang "Dragonfly Form"! Shall do rest of journey by train.

At Station.—A difficulty arises. Station-Master objects to my machine going in Guard's Van. Says that the Guard "isn't bound to take a lot of broken iron and bits of india-rubber in his van."

"But I've got a triecyle ticket," I point out, indignantly.



"O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on Pleasure she was bent,
She had a Frugal Mind."

SHE. "AND DON'T FORGET TO ORDER SIX DOZEN OF THE VERY DRIEST CHAMPAGNE YOU CAN GET, FOR OUR DANCE ON TUESDAY NEXT."

HE. "BUT THE LADIES, AS A RULE, DON'T LIKE VERY DRY CHAMPAGNE."

SHE. "NO, LOVE, THEY DON'T. NO MORE DO THE WAITERS!"

"D'you call this thing a triecyle?" Station-Master asks, with withering sarcasm.

I wish SPROGGER were here now to listen to the "Shoreditch Zephyr" being abused. Station-Master retires, and leaves the matter in Porter's hands. I leave a little matter (of a shilling) in Porter's hands. Porter thinks a truck would be the best thing for the machine.

As a result have to hire special truck—cost, twelve shillings. The "Shoreditch Zephyr" is fast becoming a very expensive and unmanageable form of nightmare.

I have to visit Station-Master's office, and sign a paper about the "triecyle being my own risk." So it is, so it has been.

Query.—What are SPROGGER and HARKAWAY doing now?

At Brighton Station.—Heavens! Miss FANNY and her sister have been travelling down in the same train with me. They've caught sight of me! And my coat is torn, my face grimy, and my hands a mass of dust and oil.

And pretty FANNY HARKAWAY says, as if nothing had happened, "Well, and how have you enjoyed your ride?"

I assure her that "nothing could have been pleasanter." I keep the stirring tale of my accident for a more opportune moment. Then I hurry off to see about my machine, and promise to rejoin CLARA and FANNY at the Hotel.

As it is now quite a quarter to seven, and they were due at six, having changed my attire, I am persuading FANNY and CLARA that it's no good to wait any longer, when we hear a sound in the distance. Yes—there's no mistaking it—it is somebody "tootling" on a trumpet; in fact, there are two trumpets, and they seem to be tootling different tunes.

In another minute SPROGGER and HARKAWAY are seen dashing along on their machines. They are dusty, hot, tired, fearfully thirsty, but apparently in excellent spirits.

"Never had such a splendid spin," they both shout, as soon as they catch sight of us.

SPROGGER addresses me as "old stick-in-the-mud!" I believe he's been drinking. Ask him, significantly, if he has dined anywhere.

"Wheelmen don't dine!" says SPROGGER, scornfully; "took a lot of fuel on

board at Horsham." HARKAWAY adds something about "stunning champagnes at Horsham."

I try to tell them about my accident. SPROGGER says no time to listen now—must hurry on to Brighton. So they mount again, and are off with another wild burst of tootling. Surely FANNY and CLARA will think this "bad Dragonfly form." No; they don't. Never mind. I shall have a chance of harrowing them all this evening with account of my terrible accident.

In the evening, after dinner, try to interest FANNY HARKAWAY in a conversation on politics. She is polite, but inattentive. Prefers the shoppy talk on tricycling which SPROGGER and HARKAWAY are keeping up, and which is something as follows:—

Sprogger. "What a glorious bit that was down-hill after Cuck-field!"

Harkaway. "Splendid! Mile in two and three-quarters. Beats LOWMEDES's record time by a second."

Sprogger. "LOWMEDES got a nasty spill at Lillie Bridge."

Harkaway. "Riding for the N. C. U.?"

Sprogger. "No; riding for the A. A. A."

Wonder HARKAWAY, as a barrister, isn't ashamed of himself. Wonder what HARKAWAY's clients (if he has any) would think of him if they could see and hear him now.

Why not tell 'em about my spill now? I will. I tell it, but, somehow, it seems ineffective. In fact, having told it, I don't think much of it myself. Instead of harrowing them up, I've made light of it as a mere nothing. Quite surprised at my own view of it.

Naturally SPROGGER thinks lightly of my danger, but wants to know what has become of the "Zephyr." He seems quite offended when I tell him it's smashed, as if he had a kind of interest in it, simply because he recommended me to buy it.

"Didn't you fall underneath?" he asks, severely.

I tell him that, as far as I recall the circumstances, I flew over the handle. HARKAWAY laughs unfeelingly, and calls it "going Circuit;" but SPROGGER is still grumpy, and says,—

"Then if the 'Zephyr' fell on you, as you assert, that ought to have broken her fall."

This is what Tricycling brings a man to! SPROGGER regards me simply in the light of a useful Buffer, to "break the fall" of a Machine when it topples over!

FANNY HARKAWAY proposes a "nice little moonlight spin" with her on her "Tandem Sociable," which she and CLARA rides between them.

I've never ridden a "Tandem" in my life! FANNY HARKAWAY sees my hesitation, and suggests that "perhaps I'm a little shaken after my fall."

Fall! Fanny calling an accident like mine a fall! No—not so much after as at the time. But it's my own fault for not harrowing their feelings, and telling my own story badly. No, I'll show FANNY HARKAWAY what a hero I am, and will ride the "Tandem" with her. I tell her so. She says, "All right," and, when we've got the Machine ready, she gracefully mounts on a seat in front! *Query*—How on earth am I to climb up into the seat behind, which is about a yard higher?

Scramble up by a tremendous effort! Miss HARKAWAY says, "Are you ready?" as if she was starting us for a race. No, I certainly am not ready. What a fool I am to be riding a Tricycle again after such an accident as mine!

I have to steer, too! We start off, and at once run against a lamp-post. FANNY HARKAWAY indignant. Asks me why I didn't put on the break? I tell her I don't know where the break is on this inf—on this sort of machine. She points it out, and asks me to be more careful. Under any other conditions, a moonlight ride alone with FANNY HARKAWAY would be romantic, but it isn't romantic now.

We are going along a little better. Why am I so nervous? Am afraid of every cart that passes, and nearly go into ditch to get out of their way. What frightful shadows the moon does cast! Horrible to have a lady riding in front, especially a lady you care for, whose safety depends on your skill in steering. Can't work the pedals properly. Another minute, and I'm sure I shall fall off.

Miss HARKAWAY asks me to stop. I do so willingly. She dismounts, and then remarks, "Aren't your hands trembling?"

I don't know. I smile feebly, and say,

"No, I don't think so." (*Query*—Am I really "very much shaken" after my fall?)

"Because"—says pretty FANNY HARKAWAY—"I really think I would rather ride alone until you've mastered the 'Tandem' a little more."

This is cruel of Miss HARKAWAY. I tell her that I've been nearly killed in my terrible accident this morning (I think "terrible accident" sounds well, and will impress her) and I am not fit for any further exertions.

She agrees with me, and I despondently wheel the creature back to the hotel. So ends my first (and last) day's "spin to Brighton."

"HOME, SWEET HOME."—Yes, by all means—only it must be sweet.

WARFARE AT ISLINGTON.

(A Visit to the Military Tournament.)

"DREAMING of Angels"—at Islington—we decided that the Military Tournament was a thing to be seen. It was well worth seeing.



"A Dann come to judgment!" *Shakespearean Colloquial Version.*

A great success, and decidedly so. If we could always go to war to such light-hearted tunes as the Band was constantly playing, war would be only a pleasant kind of outing. But that's not the tune that JOHN BULL has to go to war to; and those are not the notes he has to "pull out." But this was not the frame of mind in which anyone visits the Agricultural Hall.

The "Cavalry Displays" were most interesting; the "Musical Ride" as good as ever; and the Boy Bugler on his bare-backed steed was one of the great sensations of the week's show. But the performances are, one and all, too long; the enormous and tightly-packed audience, on Thursday for example, became very weary about five o'clock, and numbers cleared out, partly owing to the programme not being arranged so as to be intelligible to the meanest capacity, and partly to their unwillingness to sit out the interminable lance-and-sword contests, a couple of which would suffice as far as the Public is concerned.

On this occasion the Lemon-cutting, Tent-pegging, and several other exhibitions of skill, were judiciously omitted, Captain DANN seeing it was just on half-past five, when the Entertainments had to be wound up by what we, who had carefully studied the Programme, were all looking forward to seeing, i.e. the "combined display of Artillery, Engineers, and Infantry," in scaling an obstacle, covering the construction of a bridge by playing the guns on the enemy, then the crossing of the Artillery over the newly-built bridge, and the storming of the Fortress, from which were driven the Military Band, which, under the direction of Mr. DAN GODFREY, might have made a gallant music-stand, and blown out their assailants' brains with their Trombones, Ophicleides, Bassoons, and other air-guns or wind instruments. The scaling was done with marvellous rapidity by the Infantry, who were up and over the wall as if half a dozen mad bulls were after them.

The Quadrille might be cut out with advantage, as it is too suggestive of the professional Circus, and, subsequently, the absence of the Clown is calculated to create a feeling of disappointment. And then what is the use of cavalry able to dance quadrilles on horseback, if the enemy won't join them?

Each Show—and there were two to-day—ought not to last for more than two hours and a half—from 2'30 to 5, and 7'30 to 10, which would be quite enough for all reasonable people. They must have taken over eight thousand pounds on the week, and certainly it is one of the most popular entertainments of the Season.

As for Captain DANN, who is shouting all day, even if he belonged to infantry he must be a hoarse soldier by the end of the week; but as he is one of the Judges, how on the two last days he can have a voice in the matter at all is wonderful. He ought to be rewarded for lung service.

We had expected an oration from the temporary Secretary of War, at Islington, who bears the classic name of TULLY, but Captain MARCUS TULLIUS was too busy for talking. There was plenty of material for KIKERO among the horses if they hadn't been so well trained and thoroughly in hand. Mr. Punch congratulates the Committee on the results of this year's Military Tournament.

Be-Knighted Beings.

First Ill-informed Person. Why does GLADSTONE make WATTS a Baronet?

Second Ditto. Don't know. P'raps 'cos he wrote the hymns.

First Ditto. No—more likely 'cos he painted the "Hers."

Second Ditto. Oh, those long, sickly creatures—eh? Ah, they should have re-titled him as Sir GEORGE GAUNT, of Gaunt House.

[Exeunt liberally.]

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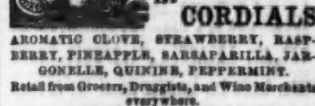
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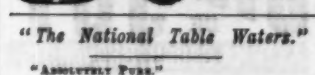
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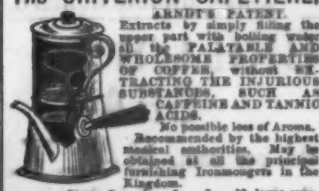
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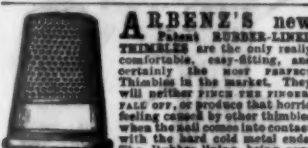
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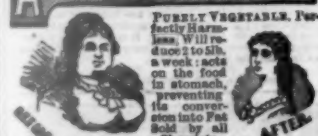
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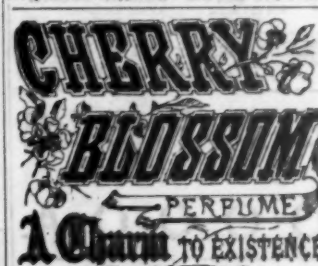
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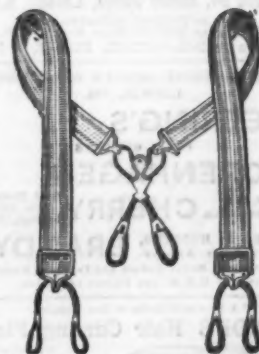
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